

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XVII.]

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HERE we are, eight years old to-day! A little bigger, with a new suit of clothes, a little brighter face, a little steadier nerve and more manly purpose than ever before. We are determined to keep steadily on in the interest of that cause which called us into being. Believing that there is not enough freedom yet in the world, that there is too little fellowship, and that the emphasis on character is still too weak, we believe that our work is yet undone. And remembering the friends with whom we started and those whom we have added to the company, one by one, on the way, we confidently go forward.

From time to time we have taken into our life the good will and prophecy of various other newspaper ventures that come into being in the interest of the same cause as that which gave us life. The *Liberal Worker*, the *Spectroscope*, the *Church of the Unity*, the *Unitarian Advocate*, the *Liberal* are names of little rills that have flown into our brook, and to-day we celebrate another wedding. The *University*, which in its life represents much of the good intentions of the *Alliance*, the *Weekly Magazine*, *Educational News* and *Fortnightly Index*, joins hands with us. If our Scandinavian forefathers were right in believing that the strength of the departed passed into him to whom they yielded up their life, we have every reason to believe that the next eight years will see as much growth as the last, and that the little *Pamphlet Mission* that eight years ago started out on its fortnightly rounds, will celebrate its sixteenth anniversary as a still better looking weekly. We welcome into the UNITY family both the readers and contributors of *The University*, and bespeak their earnest co-operation in our efforts to merit their watchwords of "Breadth, Soundness and Independence" as well as our own. The reasons which led to this marriage are well stated by the publishers of *The University* in their last issue, from which we quote:

"When the undersigned, publishers of *The University*, succeeded two months ago to the publishing business of the Colegrove Book Company, including the publication of UNITY, they found themselves in

possession of two weekly papers similar in general character and addressed to similar classes of readers. UNITY, primarily a religious paper, has concerned itself largely with literature and criticism and has been outspoken on living questions in science, education and public affairs; while *The University*, primarily a literary and critical journal, has ever had its word on current religious and philosophical problems—a word fully in unison with that of UNITY.

"A consideration of the manifest advantages that must accrue to both publishers and readers from the union of forces so identical in character has determined the publishers to consolidate these papers. Beginning, therefore, with next week's issue the two papers will appear as UNITY AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who since 1879 has been senior editor of UNITY, will be editor-in-chief of the combined paper. Mr. Charles Douglas, founder of the *Fortnightly Index*, and chief editorial contributor to *The University*, since the incorporation of these two papers, will continue on the staff of UNITY AND THE UNIVERSITY. * * * * * Subscribers to *The University* who have paid in advance at \$2.50 per annum will be credited with the full amount, thus entitling them to an increased term of subscription at the new price, while those who are already subscribers both to *The University* and UNITY will find their subscriptions equitably extended. Advertising contracts which have been taken for either paper will be fulfilled by UNITY AND THE UNIVERSITY, thus giving advertisers the benefit of the combined circulation without advance in price. We trust that our friends will be more than satisfied with the paper when it reaches them in the new and improved form."

A still further consolidation of interests is the merging of the *Church-Door Pulpit* energy into our columns. This separate publication in periodical form will probably cease at the end of the Second Series on the first of April. But we hope by the help of societies, conferences and such individuals as desire to give new wings to such spoken words as they may hear and believe in, to print an average of one sermon a fortnight through the year. We hope several such sermons will find their way into the tract-rack in pamphlet form. We here make public and renew the offer already made to the trustees of the western societies, and invite the co-operation of parishes and individuals east or west.

"With the first of March, 1886, UNITY will begin its ninth year. We are going to enlarge it without increasing price, and we want to make a new feature of a "Western Pulpit" in its columns by having at least every fortnight a sermon from one of our western ministers. To do this, our western parishes must "lend a hand".

"Will you help us print one or more of your minister's sermons next year.

"For fifteen dollars we can print a sermon and give the parish three hundred extra copies of UNITY. For five dollars more we can give a thousand copies of the sermon in a four-page leaflet of the paper's size; or for ten dollars extra we can give a thousand copies in an eight-page pamphlet.

"Will you consider this at once and let us know?"

Friends, old and new,—whatever blessing you have to give us, please express it in term of co-operation. Let each give to us a benediction in the way of a new subscriber.

THE exchange table of THE UNIVERSITY having emptied itself upon our table this week, we have had opportunity to look over a large number of college papers; and we find that which oxygenizes the blood,—the swing, the fun, the spring, aye, the vigor and ability—of it all. But there is that also that sobers and saddens. The most prominent advertising observed in many of them is of wine, cigarettes and tobacco. Advertisers know their constituency. They do not throw their money away for educational purposes. Alas! that they should find a profitable trade among the students of the country! We will not push the

inference too far, but we can but wonder whether there is not some connection between this and the many *sporting* notes found in their jottings and several unco-wise essays on "Pessimism" in their reading pages.

SECTARIANISM pushes itself into strange nooks. It is present everywhere. The London Vegetarians have started a vegetable soup kitchen, in order to save the stomachs of the poor paupers from being diseased by the soups of the meat-eating philanthropists offered elsewhere. It is thus "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him".

A writer in the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, the organ of the Catholic university at Notre Dame, Indiana, says, "We are no admirers of Herbert Spencer, nor of his teachings, but if he has done one act for which he deserves praise it is for exposing the shallow sophistry which supposes there is any moral in Mathematics, or that any kind of purely mental training will make a kind father or a good citizen."

WE heartily believe with Edwin D. Mead in *The Christian Register* that "it is in the power of our Unitarian churches at the present critical juncture in the history of religion in America to look forward and throw themselves heartily into the great new life as one of its greatest factors; it is in their power to look backward or to look downward at their feet and to become a 'denomination', to be a stumbling block for a time and then to be stranded with the rest."

A WRITER in the *American Catholic Quarterly* for January has this well-merited word for the scholastics of the Middle Ages: "Like all men, they were not faultless; their system can be criticised. But one thing is certain: they were no mere 'snowy-banded, delicate-handed, dilettante' performers. Science and education absorbed their whole strength, and occupied the most precious portion of their lives. They had something noble and heroic in their spiritual make to start with. They passed their days amid grand ideas; their convictions and their lives were above the earth."

IN a recent number *Every Other Sunday* tells the story of a minister who, on coming down from the pulpit, complimented the people on the goodly number of children he found sitting in a group, for whose benefit he had thrown in some extra stories, received the reply, "Yes, they are all from the Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum." Who will say that these deaf-mutes may not have received greater help from that church service than many of those with unstopped ears but with vagrant minds? Sound is not the only medium through which God communes with the soul, and there is a ministration which the church offers that does not pass through the gates of intelligibility.

THE *Christian Register* of last week under the caption of "What to Tell Them", gives wise counsel to those who are at a loss to answer the child's "Is it really true?" concerning Bible stories, such as the "Temptation" and the "Fall". It says, "Give the child sufficient material to answer its own question." Open the gates to the legendary gardens and myth fields of the world. "Let it be seen how this story made its way into Christianity, became the foundation of an unnatural theology, and above all let it see that the world of marvels is not of the past only." We commend the whole article to anxious mothers and disturbed Sunday-school teachers. Oh, ye of little faith! The child as well as the man is saved by truth.

To the thoughtful, the popular distinctions between believer and skeptic, Christian and heretic, are very trivial. They often turn upon the interpretation of a few Bible passages, or the personal likes or dislikes of names. The

heresy hunter is always in danger of making secondary things primary, and unimportant things essential, to the neglect of the fundamental things found in the foreground of life and history. Now, if one is to go in search of heresy, it would seem that infidelity to the golden rule might be one worthy the powder of the church. It might well be worth while for deacon and elder to hunt down such a heretic. There is a venerable document known as the "Ten Commandments," which, if insisted on as the test of orthodoxy, would clothe it with a new dignity. There is a skepticism concerning the practical wisdom of the good Samaritan that might well receive more attention than it does. We might well make the rejection of that parable an indication of graver skepticism than to question the accuracy of the record that says that Jehovah gave Joshua an extension of daylight that he might continue in the work of butchering his enemies, or even a skepticism concerning the cursing of a fig-tree, or the turning water into wine by Jesus. When we think seriously of these things in the freedom of our own closet, it would seem as though there were several neglected precepts in the New Testament which the creed-builder ought to take note of, if he is to make a crucial test of orthodoxy, such as: "Why of yourselves judge ye not what is right"; "prove all things; hold fast that which is good"; "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven"; "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works"; "And, finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise think on these things." When we apply the test of our own highest judgment and the common sense of the world, taken singly these outrank that text, which scholars now generally believe to be spurious:—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned", and yet this, rather than those, is the popular test of religious orthodoxy.

"THE DUTY OF BEING UNFASHIONABLE."

This is the suggestive title of one of the chapters in James Freeman Clarke's new volume on "Every Day Religion", and it brings near to us in homely phrase the explanation and the inspiration of the great souls of history and the great forward movements of mankind. The highest truth is never entrusted to the majority. The sacred ark is ever guarded by the few. The majority is ever clamoring for some "old, old story". The new strains disturb them and a fresh thought alarms them. They ask of the preacher what they ask of the tailor and the dress-maker,—namely, to fit their own goods on their own forms. The draper may dictate the trimmings, but they expect the cut to be according to the prevailing style. The mock beatitude of the crowd is—"Better out of the world than out of the fashion": and how many do stay out of the world of living thought, of moving intelligence, tender sympathies, noble issues and high inspirations, so that they may be in the currents of fashion. Elder Finney used to say: "Most men would prefer to go to hell with the crowd to going to heaven with the few." Alas, how many thousands yearly pass the hell-gates of insincerity and mental indolence just for the sake of staying with the crowd. How many, even who call themselves the followers of Jesus, the great preacher of the unpopular, he whose minority was reduced to one, and that one extinguished, as it was thought, on the cross, still seek to discover truth by counting noses and to establish their credentials by statistics! Would-be ministers of the "one true gospel" count a crowded house as evidence of truth, and interpret a sensational multitude as a manifestation of divine power. They taunt the earnest soul with its isolation. The so-called denominational papers vie with each other

in the respectability of numbers, forgetting that inasmuch as orthodoxy is a creature of the majority, it ever changes when the majority changes. Tennyson rightly characterizes the religion of the majority when he says:

"For in this windy world
What's up is faith; what's down is heresy."

The crowd will always vote itself right, but truth lives on independent of numbers. Unchanged and unchanging, it rides forever, in the bosom of the eternal God, undisturbed by the hurrahs of the crowd. It is with him and with those few of his children who best understand him that the great truth of any age is to be found. Once Arius was pope. During that time something like Unitarianism was Catholic orthodoxy. The vote of a council made Athanasius pope, and trinitarianism became orthodoxy ever after. The Methodists were once honored in being called "barn-worshippers." This was their real age of glory, the period of their divine potency. But now the Methodist is too apt to fling the corpulent annual of the Book Concern in your face as proof that he is in the right. But the servant girl knows enough to refute that argument on its own ground. For the Methodists' great battalions shrivel into squads compared with the regiments of Rome. And Romanism sinks into a doubt when the Greek Church challenges it at the Christian polls. But Christianity itself, proud of its nineteenth century conquests, sinks into a lie and is voted a heresy at the world's convention. Buddhism is the orthodoxy of humanity. It outvotes Christianity almost two to one. Still preachers will ask, "if this is true, where are the people?" And many will wonder why the reasonable cause is not more prosperous, not stopping to realize that the Eternal never reveals himself at parades, but in closets. The coming day is heralded not by the timid multitudes in the valley, but by the lonely prophet on the hill-top. Ask not "What of the enemy?"—of the snoring army in the tents—but rather of the watchful picket who walks his beat on the out-posts. If religion is to do anything for the individual it ought to make one of him. Better a living heretic than a dead orthodox. A despised skeptic, aglow with earnestness, is worth more to the world than a complacent believer in all the creeds. In the politics of the church, as in the politics of the state, there is always a temptation to deal with the available rather than with the ideal, but it is the ideal that is religious. The duty of the hour is to be unfashionable in matters of religion. The religious need of our times is for those who will make honesty the most cardinal of the cardinal virtues, for those who will work for the joys of the many by standing with the few. We need the religion that will give us the defiance of Jesus. This is the religion that is pivoted in the eternal, that will enable one to smile in the face of majorities, and to say before the court of any public opinion as Giordano Bruno did to those who were about to pass the death sentence upon him, the two hundred and eighty-sixth anniversary of whose burning occurred last week, "It is of greater concern to you who dare pass this judgment than it is to me who receive it."

THE "CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT" CLOSED AND RE-OPENED.

No. 19 of our "Church-Door Pulpit", for March 1, is a twenty-eight page pamphlet containing noble selections from the writings of Martineau: and that all our readers may at least know by name the aged leader of the English Unitarians, and one of our "Four Great Masters"—ranking with Channing, Parker and Emerson,—we shall print in next week's UNITY the sketch of his life written for the pamphlet. The subject of No. 20 "Church-Door Pulpit", for March 16, will be "The Bible",—treated by several writers. As an extra, to follow some time in the spring, and find its way to all subscribers then, a set of selections from Emerson will be printed. And with that number the "Church-Door Pulpit" as a pamphlet serial will close.

For the present issue of UNITY it re-opens in another form, built into the structure of the paper itself. From time to time, and probably as often as the twenty times a year of the original "Church-Door Pulpit", we expect to enlarge our columns by a sermon, under conditions explained elsewhere. We hope to repeat to the larger audience many a good word first spoken in our Western Conferences and churches,—nor western only, if our eastern friends are willing to join the coöperating band.

A word about the closing "Church-Door Pulpit". It has not succeeded as well as we had hoped it might, yet on the whole as well as we expected; having paid its way, and measurably fulfilled three ends that were in mind in starting it: (1) To do something to establish a pamphlet-rack or pamphlet-table at the door of our churches, something to develop the habit of taking home and circulating printed thought as well as the flitting memory of heard thought. (2) To cheapen the issue of our permanent tracts,—our "Unity Mission" series. Of the twenty-four tracts thus far printed in that series, no less than fourteen have owned their first birth to the "Church-Door Pulpit",—a bit of economic strategy by which our little tract-fund has been much comforted. (3) We made this pamphlet Pulpit of ours stand for that larger faith, to which the differences between Jew and Christian, Evangelical and Unitarian, Church and Ethical Culture Society, are as the small matter, and religion is the great. Rabbis Hirsch and Sonneschein, Heber Newton and Phillips Brooks, Doctor Thomas, Washington Gladden and Mr. Van Norden, Felix Adler and William Salter, have all preached to us, and once more we thank them for helping even by this one gesture to found the higher fellowship.

W. C. G.

Contributed Articles.

MARCH WIND.

Oh, the March wind stings and stings!
And never a light caress
Or a gentle finger press
On the cowering earth he lays,
But over her roars and swings
With the sweep of his mighty wings,
Till she shudders in sore amaze.

But he is not all unkind,
For he knows her sluggish veins
Must thrill with relaxing pains
E'er the blossoms of springtime blow;
She must feel his piercing breath
As it summons her back from death,
And her sepulchre in the snow.

BENJAMIN ASBURY GOODRIDGE.

BERNARDSTON, Massachusetts.

"AN EPISTLE."

Is absolute knowledge of the future state of man desirable? Would it conduce towards his well-doing of his duties here? help him, in fact, to be more a man in man's life on man's earth? These questions Browning admirably answers in his moving poem "containing the strange medical experience of Karshish, the Arab physician". That he might advance his art, Karshish was taking a long journey, keeping, meanwhile, his brother physician, Abib, acquainted, by means of letters, with what he discovered and learned. On his way from Jericho to Jerusalem he stopped at the little town of Bethany, where he met Lazarus, the same who was reported as "having been raised from the dead". The story made so great an impression upon Karshish, and the condition of the man himself so wrought upon him, that he could not forbear writing the account to Abib; although, along with the very

intensity of his feeling, he realized how his wise friend must yet regard it as the most absurd delusion. He, too, would fain so regard it; yet even in the midst of his attempted explanation—according to the demands of his art—a sudden, wild thought will outsoar all his reasonings, “What and if it indeed be true?”

Setting aside the significant truth Browning has succeeded in teaching us in this poem—that truth being the answer to the questions proposed—is it not something to learn how one contemporary with Jesus, yet who had never heard of him, regarded one of those wonderful “miracles” when it came to be presented before him? For we are sure that Browning has, in Karshish, given us a true instance of a living man of that period of the world’s history. His personality stands vividly before us, as much so as our neighbor we meet in to-day’s walk; yet it is one that would fit into no period or place except those indicated by the poet. We see the eager searcher after knowledge toiling along the “flinty furlongs” beyond Jericho; we know how every sense is alive to discover what may profit his profession. He bends to examine the blue flowers of the borage on the borders of a pool, and notices that the plant is “very nitrous”. His eyes glisten with satisfaction as he observes how Judea’s gum-tragacanth “scales off in purer flakes, is clearer grained”, than the home products. He peers at the strange spiders, that

“Weave no web, watching on the ledge of tombs,
Sprinkled with mottoes on an ash-gray back”,

and of which he perhaps makes a specific. Do we shudder at that? Medicine was in a crude state nineteen hundred years ago. Yet our Karshish had all the faith in his art our modern Galens have in theirs; though he even speaks of “charms” made of the rare melon-shaped snake-stone, pounded fine. Especially is he choice of the specialties of his art. They are not to be written of in detail, lest others obtain possession. Not until he confers with Abib face to face can the latter learn, to the full, the priceless good pertaining to their profession which Karshish is treasuring up. No secret so sure as that of the physician; none to be so jealously guarded! Yet he cannot forbear hinting how he has learned a “happier” cure for one disease; how another shows a different symptom from what they have observed in familiar cases; and then, with the enthusiasm of the professional who has “gained” a case he speaks glowingly of an affection, in itself how loathsome!

Now and then his epistle grows descriptive. We read of how he was stripped and beaten by robbers; how he put to rout a lynx that, “inflamed by lust of blood”, made to attack him; how once he was taken for a spy. A weird night scene is presented. There’s a ridge of hills, short, sharp, broken, “like an old lion’s cheek-teeth”. Above it rises the moon like a menacing face; a wind comes sweeping onward. Again we are made to feel the impatience of the learned leech at ignorance and assumed knowledge of the profession:

“When the land’s practitioners,
Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance,
Prattle fantastically on disease!”

But all these matters, curious and entertaining as they are, and aptly suggestive of a real person of the time, place, character and nation,—all these are lost sight of as Lazarus and his wonderful story are revealed. Lazarus was brought by some of his friends into the presence of Karshish, in order that the physician might pronounce upon a most extraordinary case. “Epilepsy, at the turning point of trance prolonged unduly some three days; then, by means of some spell, or drug, or stroke of art unknown to me, the evil thing suddenly left the man, who, with body and soul sound, but from having had life’s gates flung open too wide, now must needs be impressed by the first conceit that entered in his mind, be swayed by that and nothing else”. This is the physician’s decision after hearing the story. What was the conceit? That he

had been dead and was restored to life by one who bade him, “Rise!” Such cases do occur, the physician reasons; but how the man impresses him! For where in other cases the idea at last grows dim, in this it remains as strong and overmastering as when first it seized the man. And the occurrence took place so many years ago.

Karshish narrowly observes the man. He sees that he apparently hears nothing of what is said around him unless he is questioned; he watches, with folded hands, the buzzing flies, and seems as interested in them as in the fact that his city may soon be besieged. He appears to have lost all sense of the proportion of things. His friends relate that should his child sicken unto death, he will bear the event with calmness; while again a gesture or slight word of the child will rouse in him the very ecstasy of fear. Sometimes a rapt expression comes upon his face as if he heard again that wonderful command, Rise! But straightway he sinks back into that placid state for the most part his, and seemingly all the more humble for knowledge of the great truth revealed.

His friends speak of his patient attendance upon his craft by which his daily bread is earned; and they tell of his professed willingness to live so long as God wishes. His chief characteristic, indeed, is “prone submission to the heavenly will”. But although he sees and knows what is withheld from others, he does not strive to “make proselytes as madmen thirst to do”. If one call his great truth a lie, he listens undisturbed. But this is not from his being apathetic. He is moved by all sweet and innocent things, the children, flowers, the birds, the dog that would caress his hand. Moved impatiently, almost angrily, too, at ignorance in men, at sin, at carelessness. But he always strives to curb these latter feelings.

Although he shows this submission, patience, love, and desire for men to renounce their faults, he yet, as would be inferred, is like one who, with body here, has heart and soul elsewhere; and so, while accepting all, he cannot enter into it.

“He holds on firmly to some thread of life
(It is the life to lead perforceably)
Which runs across some vast, distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
The spiritual life around the earthly life.”

Karshish regards his case as that of the beggar who, in middle-life, finds a diamond. The prize is all unfit for him. He cannot return to what he was, much less adapt himself to what is. Heaven has been thrust upon him, yet he must dwell on earth. Earth’s ways must be still the portion of the soul that forever sees Heaven. Yet, with his secret, he can only endure those ways, not live in them. Hence earth has no longer its lesson to teach the man; it is incongruous to him. He is like one doomed to stand for long beside a gate, passive until it is opened.

Earth’s experiences are to create faith in that truth, which *known* render those experiences useless. The manifold lessons of life are lost upon Lazarus. Delights, wonders, aspirations, doubts, fears, all these are no more. He dwells apart from them. The petty cares of daily living and the momentous events that move nations—these balance in his mind. He has heard the mighty voice that commands Life and Death, seen it obeyed, and in that experience all others are effaced. He can only love now, and wait. The teaching is plain. It is better while our feet are on the earth for us to be able to avail ourselves of earth’s lessons, and to wait for the fullness of Heaven’s knowledge until we have entered Heaven. But for the majesty of the event whereby Lazarus became possessed of his truth, how shall Karshish approach Abib concerning that?

“This man so cured regards the curer then,
As—God forgive me!—who but God himself,
Creator and sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!
Sayeth that such an one was born and lived,
Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,

Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know,
And yet was . . . what I said nor choose repeat,
And must have so avouched himself in fact,
In hearing of this very Lazarus."

Vainly he tries to repudiate the statement. He turns to discuss of other matters, but this will thrust itself upon his thought; his soul bows in adoration before it.

"The very God! think, Abib, dost thou think?
Lo the All-Great were the All-loving too—
Lo through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine;
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

MALDEN, Massachusetts.

RECOMPENSE.

As some great tree, that deeper day by day
Takes root into the earth—some hardy oak
That firmer stands for every tempest stroke,
And grapples with huge rocks that bar its way—
Doth push abroad, into the winds that sway,
New branches and new buds, which suns provoke
To leaves of living green, until they cloak
Its trunk in beauty and new strength display;
So does the human soul, when torn with grief,
Grow stronger for the trial and the pain,
Reach out for truths that know not time nor change,
And hold them fast until they bring relief,
While hope and gladness blossom out again
In beauty new and wonderful and strange.

WILLIAM S. LORD.

CHICAGO.

"EVERY-DAY RELIGION."

The above is the very practical and suggestive title of a new volume of lectures and sermons by that veteran in the faith of a rational religion, James Freeman Clarke; and I do not know any better way to call attention to the book than to let it speak for itself in the following extracts selected almost at random and from among a number of other wise and pertinent sayings equally worthy of our consideration. The titles of the twenty-nine sermons, which the work includes, are of the same appetizing quality as the general subject. A good essay or discourse is half written when the writer has found just the right way in which to word his topic, and the reader will readily surmise beforehand much of the substance of these discourses on reading the table of contents indicating such subjects of thought as the following: "Emphasis in Religion and Life", "Moral Misalliances", "Standing in the Doorway", where the author makes use of the habit some people have of always standing in the doorway to illustrate the more serious habit of others who are always lingering in "the intellectual doorways . . . uncertain whether to go in or stay out . . . whether to believe or disbelieve". Mr. Clarke does not perhaps do entire justice to the doorway lingerers when he says, "Doubt or uncertainty about great moral or religious questions is not an indication of mental strength but of mental weakness." I should say it was not necessarily the sign of either strength or weakness, though capable of becoming either according to the practical effect of such belief or unbelief upon every-day life and conduct. We cannot choose the intellectual conclusions we arrive at as we choose a new dress-pattern or a pew in church, but we can do much to regulate our daily human relations, bringing into them a spirit of helpfulness and good-will which is by no means to be measured by our thoughts about the universe. "Men's sins going before and after them" is the subject of another sermon based on the words of Paul, "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going to judgment; and some men they follow after", a difference the preacher illustrates by describing the sins and follies which go beforehand as of that conspicuous and patent character which

leads him to liken them to the band of music preceding a procession, while the other sins, those that follow us like an overtaking judgment, are compared to the swift, pursuing course of the blood-hound sent on a search for the fugitive from justice. A discourse on the "Four Kinds of Piety", describes them as the piety of the emotions, the piety of personal salvation, by which it is not quite clear what our author means, the piety of reason, which is easier to understand, and the piety of work, which all may believe in and strive to attain. "No doubt all these forms of piety are meant to be united", says Mr. Clarke, and adds that "the time will come in which we shall meet God in the church and also in the street; in the communion of saints and in the loneliness of the agony of the Garden; in the depths of spiritual thought and the daily life of duty."

In the next discourse the writer seeks to establish the difference between "What we possess and what we own. "What we possess is outside of ourselves, and not necessarily ours; what we own is within, a part of the soul, and is ours." What we possess is transient, what we own is permanent. We may possess wealth, fame, power and influence as we possess time and bodily health, but the things we own are of a different order. Such "are our convictions rooted in personal knowledge, our character formed by faithful struggle and loyalty to right, the faith which resists all doubts and trials, the hope which grows more vigorous as the body dies and the love which unites us to God and man". Fidelity we are told is the great means by which to attain these higher possessions, and this is finely said. "It is not so much opportunity as fidelity which conducts to the greatest results."

But my space is filled. Much that is good remains in these twenty-nine discourses which the reader must find for himself.

Barring what, to our radical prejudices, seems an unnecessary and unhelpful use of orthodox terms and forms of speech in the discussion of such high themes, and what in a few places looks like a hasty and unfinished treatment of some worthy topic, this series of sermons merits only words of friendly praise and gratitude.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

"WHAT MAKES A UNITARIAN?"

Almost every individual has his own peculiar notion as to "What Constitutes a Unitarian"—but, practically, we differ very little as to the "essential basis" of our fellowship. It would be well to keep the two questions separated. I may want to prove, some time, that the editors of *UNITY* are not Unitarians, but I shall never be mad enough to desire to beggar myself by disfellowshipping them. They may feel called upon to prove that I am simply a priest of the old order, but they will not point to the door. Let us help ourselves by the freest discussion of the first question, but do not let us have any of the waste, bitterness and disaster that follows any discussion of divorce. A word or two on both questions notwithstanding, if you please.

1st. I can't help thinking of Unitarianism as an organic development rather than as a new creation. If we believe in evolution let us apply its principles to our religion. As man does not cease to be man as he rises and ripens, Christianity does not cease to be its real self as it rises through Romanism, Puritanism, to Unitarianism. It is a mistake to think and speak of Unitarianism as everything in general and nothing in particular. I know not which is to be most strongly resented—the assumption of those without that we invite starving souls to the glorious liberty of all-out-of-doors—or the assumption of those within, that we have no inherent right to the name, and to all the glorious inspirations that go with it—of the Christian body that gave us birth. We are the rational outcome of the Congregational church, and more truly Christian in so far as we more perfectly embody the ideal Christianity. "We were the rational side of Christianity." "We are the religious

side of the new scientific movement." Both true, but we don't cease to be the former in becoming the latter. In the process of evolution nothing is left behind, all is carried up. The negations are all negated, and the grander affirmation is none the less positive. Unitarianism is not Congregationalism, or science, or ethical culture with a minus, but with a plus.

One is a historic Unitarian, according to my way of thinking, who is vitally connected by roots with our past and with us levying on all realms to produce the fruits that shall nourish the living generations.

Ideally, Unitarianism is what Christianity ideally was. As Jesus claimed as his disciples those who, not even knowing his name, did like deeds of charity, so we are right to claim as Unitarians such as most perfectly embody the spirit we are striving after, whether they walk with us or not.

2nd. The Unitarian denomination was divinely wise to make its basis of fellowship broad enough not only for "Unitarian and other Christian churches", but for all who are in general sympathy with our practical aims and purposes.

The eastern half of our denomination was always careful to make its basis of fellowship inviting to "other Christian churches". The western half insisted upon that basis being broadened and made inviting to the non-Christians in general sympathy with our practical aims. Shall we of the west not learn our lesson and try and make our fellowship-basis inviting to other Christians, as well as our own, by frankly enjoying our birthright name and glorifying our great inheritance? I think that this is all that *The Unitarian* is really striving for. I am quite sure it is all that it will effect.

ENOCH POWELL.

A LAYMAN'S VIEW.

Amid the various but not necessarily conflicting views entertained as to what Unitarianism is, the position so bravely taken and so ably defended by UNITY suits me best. As I say this for myself only, I may be excused for using the first person singular. And herein lies an essential difference between a Unitarian and a member of any other denomination. A Methodist or a Baptist can say *we* in all matters of belief, but a Unitarian can only say *I*. Every man, woman and child belonging to our society speaks only for himself. The minister in his pulpit speaks only for himself. That he is in agreement with his congregation in whole or in part is not a necessity; nor is it always desirable. Indeed, it is a condition often to be deplored, for when the minister and his people are one upon all questions the chances are they will

"Cream and mantle like a standing pond."

They will stagnate.

But while I hold with UNITY to "freedom, fellowship and character", it seems to me, that as stated, they invert the natural order of things. Character is the first thing. I want no association with any human being destitute of that. That being obtained, then comes freedom in its necessary sense. If then we are granted character and freedom, we can have fellowship—true fellowship—and not otherwise. I sit each Sunday in a congregation composed of Christians, Jews, Spiritualists, Agnostics and even Atheists, besides others. They are persons of unblemished character. Being such I worship with them, because they do not call in question my belief, and we have fellowship one with another. We are a Unitarian congregation in a modern sense; perhaps also in a western sense, and I understand UNITY is pledged to protect us in using the name and enjoying all the rights of a Unitarian congregation. If now, any one shall seek to divide us, or if he attempts to introduce that which shall set one of us above the other, and so eventually disrupt us and destroy our fellowship, let him not come among us.

T. P. WILSON.

ANN ARBOR, Michigan.

The Study Table.

ONE THEORY OF DEMOCRACY.

Democratic Government: A Study of Politics. By Albert Stickney. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The author's object in this well written and handsomely printed book is to show, (1) that a pure democracy is the best conceivable form of government "for any people that has reached that stage of political growth where it demands for itself the control of its own public affairs", (2) that our government, while apparently democratic, is not such in reality, and that the evils of our system are due to this fact, (3) that certain radical changes ought to be made in our constitution in order to give us a true democratic government, and (4) that a national constitutional convention ought soon to be called to remodel our organic law in accordance with these views.

That Mr. Stickney is an enthusiast on the subject, is evident in the opening paragraphs of the book, and that he is radical and extreme in his views becomes equally clear to one who reads the entire volume. Like many others he has been studying our constitution and the government under it, to discover just where its defects lie and how they are to be remedied. He sees the evils of our present caucus system, which places the nomination of candidates in the hands of the professional politicians and reduces the vote of the citizen to a mere choice between two men named by these professionals. He sees also the evil features of frequent elections for administrative and legislative positions. He further sees the weak spots in our civil service; turning his eyes to the White House and to the executive mansions of the states he finds crowds of politicians seeking appointments for themselves or their friends, and looking at the senate of the United States and of the various states, he sees these bodies hampering the executive by interfering in the selection of officers whose sole responsibility should be to the executive department of government. He is overwhelmed with the magnitude of the evils he has seen, and wringing his hands in despair says: "The whole thing is wrongly constructed. We must take it apart and put it together in an entirely different way."

The author then proposes the following "simple changes" from our present form of government: (1) In place of the present system of election by ballot, introduce the public meeting where all offices shall be filled by *viva voce* vote. (2) Abolish all fixed tenure of office and make the tenure of each legislative member depend on the will of the people, or, to speak more exactly, on the will of his fellow legislators. (3) Make the president's tenure of office indeterminate, continuing him in office until removed by vote of the legislative department. (4) Give the executive the sole power of appointment and removal of his subordinates. Other "minor" changes are urged, but these are the most radical.

In proposing the first change, the details of which cannot here be entered into, the object is to do away with the caucus and the professional politician, and thereby to enable each citizen to exercise through the public meeting his full weight in the choice of men and the determination of measures. We fail to see how the "machine" would be broken by this change. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent the professional manipulator of politics from controlling the public meeting of the various precincts or wards, just as now he controls the caucus. Further, the substitution of the oral for the written ballot is a change so unnatural as to require far stronger argumentative support than it has received in this book. Further still, Mr. Stickney is logically compelled to give to each public meeting, each popular and representative assembly provided for in his scheme, the sole control and removal of any one of its members, *i. e.*, the citizens of each precinct are to have the right to disfranchise on sufficient vote any one or more of their number. Truly this

is democratic government! What a harmonious city New York or Cincinnati would be if this system were in vogue! Whichever party once attained sufficient majority would render that majority permanent by disfranchising the minority!

Space will not permit a discussion of the undemocratic proposition for electing the president and members of congress for life, unless sooner removed by vote of congress. On this point Mr. Stickney's theory rides rough shod over judgment and reason. A congress elected practically for life would be about the worst possible representative of popular thought and feeling. Such a body would not fall short of being a close corporation in regard to its members. The author fails to show wherein this indeterminate tenure is essential to a democratic government. While in this and other points Mr. Stickney is likely to win few converts, there is much in his book that is well worth perusal. With his purpose—the removal of evident evils—all must sympathize; with his methods and proposals few will agree until far stronger arguments are advanced. G. W. K.

The Truth-Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac for 1886. New York: Truth-Seeker Office. 25 cts.

This is the Almanac of Protest: of protest against various forms of injustice still perpetrated in the name of dominant Church Religions,—that by which the evidence of Freethinkers is denied in courts, by which museums are closed on Sundays, by which the churches and their belongings (estimated by the almanac compilers for the United States as worth nearly \$750,000,000), go wholly untaxed, etc. It is the protest of which Ingersoll is the prophet, and which claims alliance with many noble men whose faces make a gallery here of thirty portraits. Not ours the band who make this almanac; but they are fighting part of the world's battle for liberty, and we are not ashamed to give them gratitude,—but would be, if we were. And that above their protest, and their "Let the Church Go!" they have their affirmation and ideal, and that in it their best selves and the best self of the churches are at one, these lines by Courtlandt Palmer, found on one of the pages, shall attest:

"Self-hood lost
In self-surrender, joy in others' joys
Attained, love and its peace encompassed
In loving rather than in being loved;
In giving, not in getting, our redemption gained."

THE following is the opening stanza of a pathetic poem on "The Rill" which the editor of a western college paper had the hardihood to refuse because it was anonymous:

"Oh! how I loved to
Listen to the rippling
Of the rill which
Passed our house did
Gently glide down the little
Hill."

UNDER the title of "Springfield Unity Sermons" John Cuckson, of the Church of the Unity, has begun the publication of a series of sermons sumptuously printed in paper covers. The first two are entitled "Knowledge of God" and "Faith of Works". The first is prefaced with lines from Browning, the second with words from Canon Farrar.

ST. NICHOLAS for March is alarmingly attractive. If any fault is to be found with it, it is its excellence. With such juvenile literature when is the child ever to begin on literature? With all the cake at hand how is one to relish bread?

THE *University Courier*, of Lawrence, Kansas, calls this the "Age of Ink". Each age has its peculiar dangers. Perhaps this characterization of ours may point to some of its peculiar dangers.

JOHN MURPHY & Co., of Baltimore, are soon to publish an English translation of the poems of Leo XIII.

The Home.

AN AFTER-HOLIDAY THOUGHT.

Each year, at joyous Christmas time,
I count my treasures o'er,—
The gifts that then come new to me,
The gifts I had before.
And which to me the dearest are?
I know not; but among
Them all is none of greater worth
Than friendship from the young.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

Little children soon learn to listen understandingly to the conversation of their parents if their questions are answered clearly. Our little daughter hears papa talking of London news, and when he is gone asks where London is. Mamma tells her to bring the old geography that lies on the play table with "Babyland", and soon shows on the map the location of the metropolis. Thus she learns the use of the book, and is ever after quick to bring it to mamma whenever the busy brain thinks of an unknown place. Then a dictionary close at hand is often consulted by different members of the family, and Pet says, "Mamma, I want the big book to see what 'jury' means. I heard grandpa say 'his case had gone to the jury'; what does 'case' mean, anyway?" The busy mother endeavors to explain how people, failing to agree on matters and things, give the case to lawyers, who present the subject to the judge and jury for settlement. A thoughtful child, hearing of the trouble with El Mahdi, asked why Jesus did not come down and teach the bad man not to fight; listened to a little talk about missions, and ever after recalls the command "go teach all nations" as a living thought that binds the little soul to Jesus and his workers. Better stay at home from church meetings and temperance societies than to put off unduly these little questions.

DIE MUTTER.

IN ANNIE'S ALBUM.

Not to be rich or great
Is best worth our striving;
But early and late,
Each hour with some good deed to mate,
This is true living.

C. P. W.

LITTLE SERMONS.

Let friendship gently creep to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

In studying character, do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend, or to the virtues of a bitter enemy.

Words are spiritual forces, angels of blessing or cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of day. Still the night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than the day.

Stories heard at mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

A PROFESSOR at a state normal school was trying to shed a little light upon fractions for the benefit of the primary scholars. Turning to one, he said, "Johnnie, if you wanted to cut an apple into thirds, how would you do it?" Johnnie rather timidly said, "With a knife, sir."

Unity Church-Door Pulpit.

SERIES III.

NO. 1.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY!

BY W. C. GANNETT.

I.

Of every two men probably one man thinks he is a drudge, and every second woman at times is *sure* she is. Either we are not doing the thing we would like to do in life; or, in what we do and like, we find so much to dislike that the rut tires even when the road runs on the whole a pleasant way. So I am going to speak of the *Culture that comes through this very Drudgery.*

"Culture through my drudgery!" some one now is thinking. "This tread-mill that has worn me out, this grind I hate,—this plod that, as long ago as I remember it, seemed tiresome,—to this have I owed 'culture?' Keeping house, or keeping accounts, tending babies, teaching primary schools, weighing sugar and salt at the counter,—those blue overalls in the machine-shop,—have these anything to do with 'culture?' Culture takes leisure, elegance, wide margins of time, a pocket-book: drudgery means limitations, coarseness, crowded hours, chronic worry, old clothes, black hands, headaches. Culture implies College: life allows a daily paper, a monthly magazine, the circulating library, and two gift-books at Christmas. Our real and our ideal are not twins: never were! I want the books,—but the clothes-basket wants me. The two children are good,—but so would be two hours a day without the children. I crave an out-door life,—and walk down town of mornings to perch on a high-stool till supper-time. I love Nature, and figures are my fate. My taste is books, and I farm it. My taste is art, and I correct exercises. My taste is science, and I measure tape. I am young and like stir: the business jogs on like a stage-coach. Or I am *not* young, I am getting grey over my ears, and like to sit down—still: but the drive of the business keeps both tired arms stretched out full length. I hate this overbidding and this underselling, this spry, unceasing competition, and would willingly give up a quarter of my profits to have two hours of my daylight to myself—at least would, if I did not barely get the children bread and clothes, just as it is. I did not choose my calling, but was dropped into it by my innocent conceit, or by duty to the family, or by a parent's foolish pride, or by our hasty marriage, or a mere accident wedged me into it. Would I could have my life over again; then, whatever I *should* be, at least I would *not* be what I am to-day!"

Have I spoken truly for any one here? I know I have. Goes not the grumble thus within the silent breast of many a person, whose pluck never lets it escape to words like these, save now and then of a tired evening to husband or to wife?

There is often truth and justice in the grumble. Truth and justice, both. Still, when the question rises through the grumble, Can it be that this drudgery, not to be escaped, gives "culture?", the true answer is "Yes, and culture of the prime elements of life; of the very fundamentals of all fine manhood and fine womanhood."

Our *prime* elements are due to our drudgery,—I mean that literally; the *fundamentals* that underlie all fineness, and without which no other culture worth the winning is even possible. These, for instance, and what names are more familiar? Power of attention, power of industry, promptitude in beginning work, method and accuracy and despatch in doing work; perseverance, courage before difficulties, cheer under straining burdens, self-control and self-denial and temperance. These are the prime qualities; these the fundamentals. We have heard these names

before! When we were small, Mother had a way of harping on them, and Father joined in occasionally, and the minister used to refer to them in church. And this was what our first employer meant; only his way of putting the matter was, "Look sharp, my boy!", "Be on time, John!", "Stick to it!" Yes, that is just what they all meant; these *are* the very qualities which the mothers tried to tuck into us, when they tucked us into bed, the very qualities which the ministers pack into their platitudes, and which the nations pack into their proverbs. And that goes to *show* that they are the fundamentals. Reading, writing and arithmetic are very handy, but those fundamentals of a man are handier to have; worth more; worth more than Latin and Greek and French and German, and music, and art history, and painting, and wax flowers, and travels in Europe, added together. All these are the decorations of a man or woman: even reading and writing are but conveniences: those other things are the *Indispensables*. They make one's sit-fast strength, and one's active momentum, whatsoever and wheresoever the lot in life be,—be it wealth or poverty, city or country, library or workshop. Those qualities make the solid substance of oneself.

And the question I would ask myself and you is, How do we get them? How do they become ours? High school and College can give much, but these are never on their programmes. All the book-processes that we go to the schools for, and commonly call "our education", give no more than *opportunity* to win the Indispensables of education. How, then, do we get them? We get them somewhat as the fields and valleys got their grace. Whence is it that the lines of river, and meadow, and hill, and lake, and shore conspire to-day to make the landscape beautiful? Only by long chisellings and steady pressures. Only by ages of glacier—(glacier-crush) crush and grind, by scour of floods, by centuries of storm and sun. These rounded the hills, and scooped the valley-curves, and mellowed the soil for meadow-grace. There was little grace in the operation, had we been there to watch. It was "drudgery" all over the land. Mother Nature was down on her knees doing her early scrubbing-work! That was yesterday: to-day, result of scrubbing-work, we have that laughing landscape.

Now what is true of the earth is true of each man and woman on the earth. Father and mother and the ancestors before them have done much to bequeath those elemental qualities to us; but that which scrubs them into us, the clinch which makes them actually ours, and keeps them ours, and adds to them as the years go by,—that depends on our own plod, our plod in the rut, our drill of habit; in one word, depends upon our "drudgery". It is because we have to go, and go, morning after morning, through rain, through shine, through tooth-ache, headache, heart-ache to the appointed spot and do the appointed work; because, and only because, we have to stick to that work through the eight or the ten hours, long after rest would be so sweet; because the school-boy's lesson must be learnt at nine o'clock and learnt without a slip; because the accounts on the ledger must square to a cent; because the goods must tally exactly with the invoice; because good temper must be kept with children, customers, neighbors, not seven times, but seventy times seven times; because the besetting sin must be watched to-day, to-morrow, and the next day: in short,—without much matter *what* our work be, whether this or that, it is because, and only because of the rut, plod, grind, hum-

drum in the work, that we at last get those self-foundations laid of which I spoke,—attention, promptness, accuracy, firmness, patience, self-denial, and the rest. When I think over that list and seriously ask myself three questions, I have to answer each with No: (1) Are there any qualities in the list which I can afford to spare, to go without, as mere show-qualities? Not one. (2) Can I get them, get these self-foundations, laid, save by the weight, year in, year out, of the steady pressures? No, there is no other way. (3) Is there a single one in the list which I cannot get in some degree by undergoing the steady drills and pressures? No, not one. Then beyond all books, beyond all class-work at the school, beyond all special opportunities of what I call my "education", it is this drill and pressure of my daily task, that is my great school-master. *My daily task*, whatever it be, *that is what mainly educates me*. All other culture is mere luxury compared with what that gives. That gives the Indispensables. Yet, fool that I am, this pressure of my daily task is the very thing that I so growl at as my "Drudgery!"

We can add right here this fact, and practically it is a very important fact to girls and boys as ambitious as they ought to be,—the higher our ideals, the *more* we need those foundation habits strong. The street-cleaner can better afford to drink and laze than he who would make good shoes; and to make good shoes takes less force of character and brain than to make cures in the sick-room, or pleas in the court-room, or editorials in the press-room, or laws in the legislature, or children in the nursery. The man who makes the head of a pin or the split of a pen all day long, and the man who must put fresh thought into his work at every stroke,—which of the two most needs the self-control, the method, the accuracy, the power of attention and concentration? Do you sigh for books and leisure and wealth? It takes more "concentration" to use books—head-tools—well than to use hand-tools. It takes more "self-control" to use leisure well than work-days. Compare the Sundays and Mondays of your city: which day, all things considered, stands for the city's higher life,—the day on which so many men are lolling, and so many women dress, or the day on which all toil? It takes more knowledge, more integrity, more justice, to handle riches well than to bear the healthy pinch of the just-enough.

Do you think that the great and famous escape drudgery? It convicts us common minds of huge mistake to hear the uniform testimony of the more successful geniuses about their genius. "Genius is patience", said who? Sir Isaac Newton. "The Prime Minister's secret is patience", said who? Mr. Pitt, the great Prime Minister of England. Who, think you, wrote, "My imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention?" It was Charles Dickens. Who said, "The secret of a Wall-street million is common honesty?" Vanderbilt; and he added as the recipe for a million (I know you would like to hear it), "Never use what is not your own, never buy what you cannot pay for, never sell what you haven't got." How simple great men's rules are! How easy it is to be a great man! Order, diligence, patience, honesty,—just what you and I must use to put our dollar in the saving's bank, to do our school-boy sum, to keep the farm thrifty, and the house clean, and the babies neat. Order, diligence, patience, honesty! There is wide difference between men, but truly it lies less in some special gift or opportunity vouchsafed to one and withheld from another,—less in that than in the differing degree in which these common elements of human power are owned and used. Not how much talent have I, but how much will to use the talent that I have, is the main question. Not how much do I know, but how much do I do with what I know? To do their work the great ones need more of the very same habits which the little ones need to do their smaller work. Goethe, Spenser, Agassiz, Jesus, share, not achievements,

but conditions of achievement with you and me. And those conditions for them as for us are largely the plod, the drill, the long disciplines of toil. And if we ask such men their secret, they uniformly tell us so.

Now since we lay the firm substrata of ourselves in this way, and only in this way; and since the higher we aim, the more, and not the less, we need these firm substrata—since this is so, I think we ought to make up our minds and our mouths to sing a hallelujah unto Drudgery: *Blessed be Drudgery*, the one thing that we cannot spare!

II.

But there's something else to be said. Among the people here, or that half of us who are drudges, and to whom I am talking, there are some who have given up their dreams of what, when younger, they used to talk or think about as their "ideals"; and have grown at last resigned, if not content, to do the actual work before them. Yes, here it is,—before us, and behind us, and on all sides of us; we cannot change it; we have accepted it. Still, we have not given up one dream,—the dream of *success* in this work to which we are so clamped. If we cannot win the well-beloved one, then success with the ill-beloved,—this at least is left to hope for. Perhaps success and time will make it well-beloved, too—who knows? Well, the secret of this success still lies in the same old word, "Drudgery". For drudgery is the doing of one thing, one thing, one thing, long after it ceases to be amusing; and it is this "one thing I do" that gathers me together from my chaos, that concentrates me from possibilities to powers. That whole long string of habits,—attention, method, patience, self-control, and the others,—can be rolled up and balled, as it were, in the word "concentration". "One thing I do", said Paul; and apart from what his one thing was, in that phrase he gave the watchword of salvation. We will halt a moment over it: "One thing I do."

Men may be divided into two classes, those who have a "one thing", and those who have no "one thing" to do; those with aim, and those without aim, in their lives: and practically it turns out that almost all of the success, and therefore the greater part of the happiness go to the first class. The aim in life is what the back-bone is in the body: without it we are invertebrate, belong to some lower order of being not yet man. No wonder that the great question, therefore, with a young man is, What am I to be? and that the future looks rather gloomy until the life-path opens. The lot of many a girl, especially of many a girl with a rich father, is a tragedy of aimlessness. Social standards, and her lack of true ideals and of real education, have condemned her to be frittered: from twelve years old she is a cripple to be pitied, and about thirty she comes to know it. With the brothers the blame is more their own. The boys we used to play our school-games with have found their places; they are winning homes and influence and money, and, what is more, their natures are growing strong and shapely, and their days filling with the happy sense of accomplishment,—while *we* do not yet know what we are, and have no meaning on the earth. Lose us, and the earth has lost nothing; no niche is empty, no force has ceased to play; for we have got no aim, and therefore we are not yet anybody. *Get your meaning*, first of all; and ask the question till it is answered past question. What am I? What do I stand for? What name do I bear in the register of forces? In our national cemeteries there are rows and rows of unknown bodies of our soldiers. They have done a work and put a meaning to their lives by which they are remembered in homes where the mother and the townsmen say, "He died in the war, although it's not known where". But the men and women whose lives are aimless, reverse their fate. Our *bodies* are known, and answer in this world to such or such a name,—but as to our inner *selves*, with real and awful meaning these walking bodies might be labeled, "An unknown man sleeps here!"

Now, since it is concentration that prevents this tragedy of failure, and since this concentration always involves Drudgery, long, hard, abundant, we have to own again, I think, that that is even more than what I called it first,—our chief school-master; besides that, Drudgery is the gray Angel of Success. The main secret of any success we may hope to rejoice in, is in that Angel's keeping. Look at the leaders in the professions, the "solid" men in business, the master-workmen who begin as poor boys and end by building a town to house their factory-hands; they are drudges of the single aim. The man of science, and to-day more than ever, if he would add to the world's knowledge or even get a reputation, must be, in some one branch at least, a plodding specialist. The great inventors,—Palissy at his pots, Goodyear at his rubber, Elias Howe at his sewing-machine, tell the secret,—*"One thing I do"*. The reformer's secret is the same. A one-eyed, grim-jawed folk the reformers are apt to be: one-eyed, grim-jawed, seeing but the one thing, never letting go, they have to be, to start a torpid nation. Such men as doers of the single thing drudge their way to their success. Even so must we, would we win ours. The foot-loose man is *not* the enviable man. If wise, a man will be his own necessity, and bind himself to a task, if wealth or other circumstances fail to bind him. Dale Owen in his autobiography told the story of a foot-loose man, ruined by his happy circumstances. It was his father's friend, one born to princely fortune, educated with the best, married happily, with children growing up around him. All that health and wealth and taste and leisure could give were his. Robert Owen, an incessant worker, once went to spend a rare rest-moment with him at his country-seat, one of the great English parks. To the tired man who had earned the peace, the quiet days seemed perfect, and at last he said to his host, "I have been thinking that if I ever met a man who had nothing to desire, you must be he; are you not completely happy?" The answer came: "Happy! Ah, Mr. Owen, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I paid for it! I started in life without an object, almost without an ambition. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for; why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. I ought to have created for myself some definite pursuit, no matter what, so that there would be something to labor for and to overcome. Then I might have been happy." Said Owen to him,—*"Come and spend a month with me at Braxfield. You have a larger share in the mills than any of us partners. Come and see for yourself what has been done for the work-people there and for their children; and give me your aid."* "It is too late", was the reply. "The power is gone. Habits are become chains. You can work and do good; but for *me*, in all the profitless years gone by I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life."—And he had only one in this world to lose.

Again then, I say, Let us sing a hallelujah and make a fresh beatitude unto Drudgery: *Blessed be Drudgery!* It is the one thing that we cannot spare.

III.

This is a hard gospel, is it not? But now there is a pleasanter word to briefly say. To lay the firm foundations in ourselves, or even to win success in life, we *must* be drudges,—that I take for granted now. But we *can* be artists, also, in our daily task. And at that word things lighten.

"Artists", I say,—not artisans. "The difference?" This: the artist is he who strives to perfect his work,—the artisan strives to get through it. The artist would fain finish, too; but with him it is to "finish the work God has given me to do!" It is not how great a thing we do, but how well we do the thing we have to, that puts us in the noble brotherhood of artists. My Real is not my Ideal,—is that my complaint? One thing at least is in my power: if I

cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least *idealize my Real*. How? By trying to be perfect in it. If I am but a rain-drop in a shower, I will be at least a perfect drop; if but a leaf in a whole June, I will be at least a perfect leaf. This poor "one thing I do",—instead of repining at its lowness or its hardness, I will make it glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.

An artist himself shall speak: It was Michael Angelo who said, "Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something perfect: for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it strives for something that is God-like. True painting is only an image of God's perfection,—a shadow of the pencil with which he paints, a melody, a striving after harmony." The great masters of music, the great masters in all that we call artistry, would echo Michael Angelo in this; he speaks the artist-essence out. But what holds good upon his grand scale, and in those whose names are known, holds equally good of all pursuits and all lives. That true painting is an image of God's perfection must be true, if he says so; but no more true of painting than of shoe-making, of Michael Angelo than of John Pounds the cobbler. I asked a cobbler once how long it took to become a good shoemaker: he answered promptly, "Six years, sir, and then you must travel". That cobbler had the artist-soul. I told a friend the story and he asked his cobbler the same question, How long does it take to become a good shoemaker? "All your life, sir." That was still better,—a Michael Angelo of shoes! Mr. Maydole, the hammer-maker of central New York, was an artist: "Yes", said he to Mr. Parton, "I have made hammers here for twenty-eight years." "Well, then, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No, sir", was the answer, "I *never* made a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer made in the United States." Daniel Morell, once president of the Cambria rail-works, in Pittsburg, which employed seven thousand men, was an artist, and trained artists. "What is the secret of such a development of business as this?" asked the visitor. "We have no secret", was the answer; "we always try to beat our last batch of rails. That's all the secret we have, and we don't care who knows it." The Paris book-binder was an artist, who, when the rare volume of Corneille, discovered in a book-stall, was brought to him, and he was asked how long it would take him to bind it, answered, "Oh, sir, you must give me a year at least; *this* needs all my care." Our Ben Franklin showed the artist, when he began his own epitaph, "Benjamin Franklin, printer." And Professor Agassiz, when he told the interviewer that he had "no time to make money", and began his will, "I, Louis Agassiz, teacher."

In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre, he shows us the interior of a convent-kitchen; but, doing the work, there are—not mortals in old dresses—but beautiful white-winged angels. One serenely puts the kettle on the stove to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one is at the kitchen-dresser reaching up for plates; and I believe there is a little cherub running about and getting in the way, trying to help. What the old monkish legend that it represented is, I do not know. But as the painter put it to you on his canvas, all were so busy, and working with such a will, and so refining the work as they did it, that somehow you forgot that pans were pans and pots pots, and only thought of the angels, and how very natural and beautiful kitchen-work is,—just what the angels would do, of course.

It is the angel—aim and standard in an act that consecrates it. He who aims for perfectness in a trifle is trying to do that trifle holily. The *trier* wears the halo; and therefore the halo grows as quickly round the brows of peasant as of king. This aspiration for perfect doing,—is it not religion practicalized? If we use the name of God at all, is this not God's presence becoming actor in us? No need, then, of being "great" to share that aspiration and that presence. The smallest roadside pool has its water

from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean. Even so the humblest man or woman can live splendidly! That is the royal truth that we need to believe, you and I who have no "mission", and no great sphere to move in. The universe is not quite complete without my work well done. Have you ever read George Eliot's poem called "Stradivarius"? Stradivarius was the famous old violin-maker, whose violins, two centuries old, are almost worth their weight in gold to-day. Says Stradivarius in the poem,—

"If my hand slack'd,
I should rob God—since he is fullest good,—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."

That is just as true of us as of our greatest brothers. What, stand with slackened hands and fallen heart before the littleness of your service! Too little, is it, to be perfect in it? Would you, then, if you were Master, risk a greater treasure in the hands of such a man? Oh, there is no man, no woman, so small that they cannot make their life great by high endeavor; no sick crippled child on its bed that cannot fill a niche of service *that way*, in the world. This is the whole of the Gospel to him who is ready for it, that the kingdom of heaven is nigh *him*, just where he is; is just as near us as our work is; for the gate of Heaven for each soul lies in the endeavor to do that work perfectly.

But to bend this talk back to the word with which we started: will this striving for perfection in the little thing give "culture"? Have you ever watched such striving in operation? Have you never met humble men and women who read little, who knew little, yet who had a certain fascination as of fineness lurking about them? Know them, and you will be apt to find them persons who have put so much thought and honesty and conscientious trying into their common work,—it may be sweeping rooms, or planing boards, or painting walls,—have put their ideals so long, so constantly, so lovingly into that common work of theirs, that finally these qualities have come to permeate not their work only, but their being, till they are fine-fibred through and through; even if outside, the rough bark still may cling. Without being schooled, they instinctively detect a sham,—one test of culture. Without haunting the drawing-rooms, they have manners of quaint grace and graciousness,—another test of culture. Without the singing-lessons, their tones are apt to be gentle,—another test of culture. Without knowing anything about Art, so-called, they know and love the best in *one* thing, are artists in their own little specialty of work,—and that has tended to make them artists in their life. They make good company, these men and women,—why? Because, not having been able to realize their Ideals, they have idealized their Real, and thus in the depths of their nature have won true "culture".

You know all Beatitudes are based on something hard to do or to be. "Blessed are the meek": is it easy to be meek? "Blessed are the pure in heart": is that so very easy? "Blessed are they who mourn." "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst—who *starve*—after righteousness." So this new beatitude by its hardness only falls into line with all the rest. A third time and heartily I say it,—*"Blessed be Drudgery!"* For thrice it blesses us: it gives us the fundamental qualities of manhood and womanhood; it gives us success in the thing we have to do; and it makes us, if we choose, artists,—artists within, whatever our outward work may be. "Blessed be Drudgery!",—the deepest secret of all Culture.

THE following list of the greatest creative British poets in the order named is submitted to the readers of UNITY, and criticism is asked for as to the names and order.

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| 1 Shakespeare. | 5 Wordsworth. | 9 E. B. Browning. | 13 Coleridge. |
| 2 Milton. | 6 Shelley. | 10 Spenser. | 14 Pope. |
| 3 Browning. | 7 Burns. | 11 Byron. | 15 Dryden. |
| 4 Chaucer. | 8 Tennyson. | 12 Scott. | 16 Herrick. |

JAMES COLEGROVE.

Notes from the Field.

BOSTON NOTES.—The second meeting of young persons as delegates from our city Unitarian churches was held in King's chapel and was impressed with the historic, devout tone of the place. The third was gathered in Rev. Minot J. Savage's meeting house and was certainly fired with glowing enthusiasm, befitting the place where new thoughts are spoken and the manly poetry of new religious freedom is sung.—Bro. S. C. Beane, the New Hampshire state missionary, said lately in the A. U. A. room that a Unitarian society now flourishes in every county in his state. Bro. J. F. Moors, our Massachusetts state missionary, took fire at the statement and resolved to accomplish a Unitarian society in every county in his territory, not forgetting rich old Berkshire county, with its flourishing cities—Pittsfield and North Adams, now cared for only by evangelical churches.—Every Unitarian children's chapel and mission school in Boston now has a special industrial annex;—Parmenter Street chapel—a carpenter school and sewing school, with added talks on local North end history.—Camden Street chapel has sewing and mending classes, lessons on musical instruments, and young folks' charities.—Warren Street chapel has kindergarten, cutting and sewing school. Industrial annex for the neglected. Amusement classes.—The chapel in Washington Village ward has a board of juvenile workers and a clothing club; the chapel in Jamaica Plain ward, a cooking school and a "Home Improvement society".—Mrs. Hemmenway's "Kitchen Garden" pupils cook and sell cheaply their beef ribs, puddings and bread loaves. They learn miniature house-keeping and domestic good humor, also plain carpenter work.—On Feb. 22nd, here a legal holiday, the orphan asylums and charity schools of the South end took front balcony seats at the enchanting festival for children, given by Warren Street chapel.—The "Associated Charities" have issued a new directory of Boston's benevolent institutions, adding "Legal suggestions" and "Legal titles of institutions". As new features it gives additional day nurseries for children and district nurse societies, a free surgical hospital for women, managed by the Murdock Food Co.; a home for incurables and a convalescent home under charge of the Massachusetts General Hospital, a children's lodging house, a new working boys' home, a longshoremen's exchange,—several new industrial schools for girls and boys. A select list of books on charitable work is added.—Rev. Brooke Herford's society has doubled its subscription to the A. U. A. and some other societies will probably follow so good an example.—Hereabouts a week ago the garden snow drops and crocuses came out in flower in sunny spots.—Our great flood is fast being forgotten. Cellars are being dried and aired, local bakeries and groceries again opened. The poorer families of the low district are beginning to suffer from malarial symptoms.—At the local conference last week in Hyde Park it was thought wise for all parishes to rouse up and say to their ministers that if they would attend to their primary work of thinking, planning and preaching, the parish committee would attend wholly to their own primary work of running shekels into their treasury.

E. R. B.

CHICAGO.—Thursday, the 25th, was a field day for the Unitarians in Chicago. The meeting of the Woman's Unitarian Association, always an event, took place at the Church of the Messiah in the afternoon. One hundred and thirty ladies were present. Mrs. Jones read a paper on "The Co-education of Husband and Wife", which awakened much interest, elicited a lively discussion, and steps were taken to secure its publication. In the evening the Channing Club held its meeting and a company of ladies and gentlemen, but little smaller than that which greeted Mr. Herford a month previous, gathered to give greeting to Mr. Milsted, the new pastor of Unity church. J. A. Roche, of the Third church, and president of the Illinois confer-

ence, presided, and gave our new friend hearty welcome and gracious introduction, after which Mr. Milsted opened the discussion on "The Importance of Form in Worship". He was followed by a number of laymen and women; all of which betokens the genial, earnest, aye, the devout and prophetic spirit which is ever ready to show itself among our churches when the spirit is not dampened by criticism and the outlook is not overcast with distrust of those things that constitute the inspiration of the century.—The Friends of the humanities as well as of the UNITY cause rejoice in the accession to our ranks of W. Alexander Johnson, who has left his post as secretary of the Associated Charities of Cincinnati to take his place as organizing secretary of the Charity Organization Society of this city. A faithful fellow-worker with Brothers Wendte and Thayer in the years gone by, we take great pleasure in welcoming him to this city and in introducing him to our UNITY constituency whom we hope will profit from his pen, particularly in his chosen field of the philanthropies. Under him we also hope that the Charity Organization of Chicago will overcome certain difficulties that have heretofore stood in its way.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Ames, who has in a series of sermons been considering the labor question, was brought into some trouble with the papers by an unfortunate report of one of his remarks. Proudhon's dictum that "property is theft", which he quoted, was announced as the preacher's, whereat there was a fierce onslaught of the editors, and Mr. Ames was forced to explain. It is well to observe as to the drift of thought here, that no sermons have been of late so generously reported in the papers as those on labor and cognate matters from Mr. Ames, before his society, and from Mr. Weston, before the ethical culturists.

—As one of the strong "signs of the times" it may be well to remark that Prof. Frances Emily White, of the Woman's medical college, who has become well known in the scientific world for certain wise studies, and who has lately been elected a member of the board of trustees of the Ethical Culture society, is shortly to lecture at Natatorium hall, and seems to take a sweet delight in the furtherance of the "freedom-fellowship-and-character" side of religious thought developed here.—A recent conversation with Walt Whitman upon such concerns convinces me that, though his eye is somewhat dimmed, and his body not at all what it was in that noble manhood twenty years back, he still holds undiminished a wise and radical religious faith which, after the nature of the poets, refuses the shackles of creeds and statements. And he contemplates the end with breast bared and gray locks flying on the wind. What need for such souls to wonder too much or claim a fellowship with questions and dismays?—Mr. Schumm, of the deceased *Radical Review*, has been here and lectured before certain liberal societies.

H. L. T.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—The First church celebrated its 250th anniversary last month, and the youthful octogenarian, Doctor Hedge, spoke to the merriment as well as to the edification of those assembled. During his speech he reminded his hearers that the ecclesiastical feuds of the past show what subtle mysteries lie at the foundation of theological divergencies. "A word of pale abstraction has set the world on fire. Christendom has been rent asunder by a vocable and a monosyllable." Oliver Wendell Holmes, oldest son of the eighth pastor of the church, contributed a suppositious hymn of 1636, which closed with the following stanzas which are still unrealized prophecy.

The Walls that fence His Flocks apart
Shall crack and crumble in Decay,
And every Tongue and every Heart
Shall welcome in the new-born Day.

Then shall His glorious Church rejoice
His Word of Promise to recall,—
ONE SHELTERING FOLD, ONE SHEPHERD'S VOICE,
ONE GOD AND FATHER OVER ALL!

ST. PAUL, MINN.—"We northwestern churches often feel very much out in the cold, and a flying visit once in a while from an enthusiastic churchman, used to milder and less rugged surroundings, all aglow with energy and work, is warming in its influence. Such a visit Unity church has had from Mr. Sunderland, of Chicago, who preached for us twice.—The work of freeing ourselves from debt is still going on with its 'ups' and 'downs', of course;—but in the end we feel sure the 'ups' will gain the victory, and we can prove ourselves worthy of our bright opportunity. If we do not, there will be many who will hang their heads with disappointment. The approaching spring reminds us of the coming Western Conference, and of our portion to that also to be paid. But our own debt-paying! And yet—we hope to be heard from at the conference."

[Good courage, friends! Lift at both the burdens. Keep the old record unbroken of loyalty to the Conference. To be loyal when it's hard to be is loyalty. The St. Paul Church, small in size and strength, has long stepped out with the vanguard of the sure, prompt helpers.—W. C. G.]

ENGLAND.—A too liberal vicar of Arundel, who invited the Congregationalist minister to take part with him in the funeral services of a member of the latter's parish who was to be buried in the old parish grounds, was interfered with by his superiors. The Dean stepped in to defend the dignity of the "Establishment". It is hard for an American Unitarian to realize how it would seem to have an "Establishment" in our midst.

—Stopford Brooke in his sermon at the reopening of the Rosslyn-Hill Chapel, which has been enlarged and renovated at a cost of £4000, said: "Real Christianity is rising from the tomb to a new Eastertide, embracing all men in one brotherhood, and uplifting them to the ideal character manifested in Christ. There are ideas of universal religion, to which, through good report and evil report, the body of Christians to which we belong have borne long and faithful witness." For such an ideal in religion we would ever work.

GREAT ST. LOUIS: SMALL CHICAGO.—A. D. Mayo, in an interesting article on Missouri in the last *Register*, says, "In education St. Louis leads every city beyond the Alleghanies. While Chicago has vainly tried to put a sectarian university on the ground and Cincinnati has wasted magnificent opportunities in beer-swilling and cheating at elections, St. Louis has had the rare good sense to keep at the head of its educational affairs a set of men and women unsurpassed in their several departments. Dr. Eliot, for almost half a century, has been the educational backbone of the city; and the Washington University is, by all odds, the most remarkable group of good schools under one management in any Western American town."

THE CHICAGO TEACHERS' MEETING.—At the noon meeting on Monday, Mr. Jones, the leader, spoke of the great richness of the legends that cluster around Elijah, the richest legendary lore of the Old Testament. There is an intense dramatic power in the situations. The whole circle of legends being given for one lesson, each teacher must choose such as best suit his taste and the age and character of the class. There was an interesting conversation, too full of points for a brief report. Present, twenty-five.

REMEMBERING THE ORPHANS.—The three daughters of P. A. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, for whom one of the most attractive boulevards of this city is named, and whose bronze statue is a feature of South Park, have purchased 200 acres of land near Bristol, Pa., upon which they are to establish an "Industrial Home For Orphan Boys", which is to be in charge of some Catholic brothers.

MEADVILLE, PA.—F. L. Phalen, of the senior class, is called to Milton, N. H.; he is to begin his work immediately after his graduation in June.